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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1901.

VOLUME LXXIX.—No. 1280.
Price 10 Cents.



BEAUTY IN A MASK.

SHAPELY YOUNG WOMAN BATHER AT ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., WHO HAS THEM GUESSING.



Established 1846.

RICHARD K. FOX.
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
NEW YORK AND LONDON.

Saturday, August 3, 1901.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, N. Y.,
as Second-class Mail Matter.

NEW YORK:
THE RICHARD K. FOX
PRINTING AND PUBLISHING HOUSE,
FRANKLIN SQUARE.

LONDON, ENGLAND:
PLEYDELL HOUSE, FLEET STREET, E. C.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
PUBLISHER,
NEW YORK CITY.

ARTISTIC COMEDIENNES

---BRIEF PARAGRAPHS ABOUT THE ENTERTAINERS---

CLEVER COMEDIANS

Interesting Items About the People Who Are on the Bills of the Continuous and Variety Houses.

CONTRIBUTIONS SOLICITED FOR THIS COLUMN.

Good Character Photographs of Vaudeville Performers Will be Published in Half-Tone in the "Police Gazette" Free of Charge.

Hunn and Eaton's Coon Carnival Company is touring New England.

Wanted, a soubrette who doesn't carry a washboard in her trunk.

Marshall, the mystic, is paralyzing 'em on the Ohio circuit of parks.

Frank Whitman, the dancing violinist, doesn't seem to mind the hot weather.

Nick Wagner is once more the manager of the Wonderland Theatre, at St. Joseph, Mo. He is going

Polly Allison is going it alone for a change. She is on the Boom park circuit and is doing well.

Look out for the strong men next season. Max Unger is going to have a show, and so is Sandow; but



A COOL WAVE.

Manhattan Beach Chorus Girl who Solved the Heat Problem During the Recent Hot Wave which Hit the Town.

to have a stock company and continuous vaudeville, and get everything in sight.

Manley and Rose are booked until October. They don't care because they carry an electric fan.

Violette Mascotte is home in New York again. Good. I'll bet she's glad to be here, even if it is hot.

Prof. Hangeros and his wife, the mesmerists, will begin playing vaudeville dates about September.

Talk about a hot title, how is "The Bridegroom's Reverie?" Wouldn't that give you a honeymoon?

McFarland and Murray beg to announce that they have signed with the Bon Ton Company. Glad to hear it.

Josie Lawrence is assisting her husband, Al Lawrence, in his new specialty. That's the kind of a wife to have.

SPORTING REFERENCE BOOKS

"Police Gazette Book of Rules," "Police Gazette Card Player," "The Cocker's Guide," "Dog Pit," 25 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York

other oddities. I'll bet he can't beat Mrs. Murphy singing a come-all-ye as she scrubs the mortar out of Mike's red flannel shirt.

The Brighton Beach Music Hall is putting on a big bill these days. Ocean breezes and comedy seem to go well together.

Meta Brittain and Charles H. Bradshaw have a nice little sketch which they have christened "In a Fix." It looks pretty good.

Frank Cushman, who is in London, sends a modest little paragraph to the effect that he will open his season in New Orleans in July.

Nina Farrington and Adele Ritchie had a streak of bad luck not long ago. One fell down and sprained her ankle and the other fainted away.

Lucky Bill's show lost Gibson and Nash at Winnebago, Minn. They are going to swing in hammocks in some suburban retreat until fall.

Talking about hits, what's the matter with Miss Norton? She thought she'd toddle alone for a change, and now she's going to be a headliner.

Talking about dreams, have you seen the Three Sisters Le Blanc? When they walk down Broadway the cab horses almost faint with joy.

Bennett and Rich have struck a summer snap. They will be at Rockaway Beach until August 16, and they have bought new silk bathing suits.

Vernon, the ventriloquist, says he is sorry to see there are so many ventriloquial Vernons in the business. Of course, everybody knows he is the original.

Going to The Farm this summer? It's at Allenhurst, N. J., and everybody in the world knows it belongs to Ross and Fenton.

Louise Sanford waited until she got to Atlantic City to break in her new turn. She probably needed the reviving effect of the briny.

John Coburn, black-face banjo-comedian, and his finely trained pigeons are on the programme of the Pinnell Comedians. Who are they?

Ford and Dot West will be with the Dewey Burlesquers this season, and their dog "Mike" will travel in a Pullman Palace basket.

Reilly and Woods, who had one of the best vaudeville shows on the road last year, have corralled the Three Yocarrys for this season.

Jessie Merrilees has hit London hard with her red hair, and she is featuring her lurid locks in the newspapers and on the programmes.

La Veen and Cross are with the Beautiful Orient, Pan-American Exposition. They will have a new act for the winter; they ought to.

Satsuma, the best Jap juggler in the country, is not ninety years old; even if he was he would be worth half a dozen of the other fellows.

Ed. and Rolla White have cut out the bag punching business. The first thing you know they'll be doing a society sketch in evening dress.

If you are a performer and can write, you ought to send in a paragraph for this page. Of course, you know the GAZETTE goes all over the world.

A recent paragraph announces the team of Dan Sherman and Mabel De Forest. Dan is one of the old-timers who ought to have a barrel of money.

These rag-time players with the long hair always want to be near the tall timber when Mike Bernard is in the vicinity. He carries the "Police Gazette" champion medal and they can't get it away from him either.

James Hooks, who does a contortion and juggling act, is feeling easy; he is engaged for next season for Spriggs, Smith and Goodbow's Big Minstrels.

And still the money people in the profession are going to Europe. Mr. and Mrs. Max S. Witt will stay abroad about eight weeks spending accumulated salary.

Maude Caswell, who is going to Paris to show the Parisians what an acrobatic girl can do, is going to spend all her money in costumes when she arrives in the French capital.

Billy McClain, the negro comedian, who seems to have a mortgage on Australia, has not forgotten there is such a place on the map as America. He drops his h's, too.

A dramatic paper announces that Beahan and Mascotte have separated and that Beahan will probably work alone. Of course he will unless he wants to be called names.

A GREAT GUIDE

The "Police Gazette Bartender's Guide" for 1901 will give you the information you are looking for. The price is only 25 cents, postpaid. A mine of information.

GOOD PHOTOGRAPHS of VAUDEVILLE ARTISTS in CHARACTER SOLICITED for THIS PAGE

ROUTES OF BURLESQUE

---WHERE THEY ARE PLAYING---

AND VAUDEVILLE SHOWS

Managers of Shows Not Represented in This Column Are Requested to Send in Their Future Dates.

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS WILL BE PUBLISHED FREE.

Circuses, Minstrels and All Miscellaneous Companies Will Have a Place on This Page---News Notes Solicited.

[Managers and agents of all summer shows, circuses and side shows of every description are requested to send in their advance dates for this column, and to contribute news paragraphs for publication on the dramatic page. All good photographs, whether of managers or performers, will be published in halftone free of charge. In the case of the latter portraits in character are more desirable.]

Bohemian Burlesquers (Miner & Van, Managers), Court Street Theatre, Buffalo, May 13-Oct. 19.

Broadway Favorites (J. Knox Gavin, Manager), Kensosett Park, Danbury, Conn., July 29-Aug. 3.

Devil's Daughter, Buffalo, N. Y., Indef.

Hunn and Eaton's Big Coon Carnival (H. C. Puggsley, Manager), Concord, N. H., July 29-Aug. 4.

Kings and Queens Burlesquers (Harry W. Semon, Manager), Star Theatre, Milwaukee, Wis., Indef.

Little Lambs (Harry Morris, Proprietor), St. Louis, Mo., Indef.

Moulin Rouge Burlesquers (Fred Rider, Manager), Omaha, Neb., Indef.

Olympic Stock Company, Joplin, Mo., Indef.

Oriental Troubadours (Salem T. Whitney, Manager), New Holland, Pa., July 29-Aug. 5.

Parisian Belles Burlesquers (H. W. Semon), Milwaukee, Wis., Indef.

Sheldon and Smith's, en route through the Philippines.

Spaun's, Byron, Vaudeville Company, Saratoga, N. Y., July 29-Aug. 3.

Star Stock Company, Sam T. Jack's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., Indef.

MINSTRELS.

Marion & Pearl's (Billy Pearl Manager), Washington, D. C., July 29-Aug. 4.

CIRCUSES.

Bonheur Bros., Beattie, Kan., July 26; Axtel, 27; Summerfield, 29.

Lowande, Tony, on tour in West Indies.

Maguire's Educated Horses, on tour in West Indies.

Main, Walter L., Babylon, L. I., N. Y., Aug. 1; Flushing, 2; Far Rockaway, 3.

Pubillones (Santrayo Pubillones, Manager), on tour in Cuba.

Pubillones (Santrayo Pubillones, Manager), Havana, Cuba, Indef.

Trevino's Mexican Circus, on tour in Cuba.

Welsh Bros. (No. 2 Company), Buffalo, N. Y., Indef.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Brooke Chicago Marine Band, Zoological Gardens, Cincinnati, O., June 25 to July 29.

Butler, Helen May, Band (T. J. Leslie Spahn, Manager), Buffalo, N. Y., to November 1.

Coyle's Museum (E. R. Coyle, Manager), Georgetown, Ky., July 22-27.

Christine, Millie, New Orleans, La., Indef.

Gleason (Horse Trainer), Toledo, O., Indef.

Hart, the Laugh King (Hypnotist), Wilmington, N. C., June 1-Indef.

Howe, Lenna (No. 1), Fall River, Mass., Indef.

Kittie's Band (T. P. J. Power, Manager), Belleville, Kan., Indef.

Lowery Bros. New Olympia Shows, Pittsburgh, Pa., Indef.

Lucky Bill's Show, Amboy, Minn., July 25; Nashville, 26; Truman, 27.

Maguire's Educated Horses (Art Selby, Manager), Philadelphia, Pa., Indef.

Mikels, May, Indianapolis, Ind., Indef.

Phinney's United States Band, Toronto, Can., July 22-Aug. 4.

Quincuplexal (Henry Walsh, Manager), Buffalo, N. Y., Indef.

Rosalie Band (Fred Heckler, Manager), Bergen Beach, N. Y., Indef.

Roving Frank's Gypsy Camp (Frank Hubin, Manager), Atlantic City, N. J., Indef.



ERNEST HOGAN.

He is the Clog Dancing Champion of the Dominion of Canada.

Richard's Unique Shows, Fulton, Ark., June 10-Indef.

Sorrentino's Italian Banda Rossa (Howard Pew, Manager), Minneapolis, Minn., Indef.

Veteran Corps First Regiment Infantry, Maysville Park, Philadelphia, Indef.

Wilbur-Kirwin Opera Company (W. T. Powell, Manager), Salt Lake City, Indef.

Now is the time to place your orders for

WRESTLING SELF-TAUGHT

The art of wrestling nicely illustrated and containing portraits of the champions. Price 25 cents. POLICE GAZETTE office.

show printing for the coming season with the Empire City Job Print, Fox Building, Franklin Square, New York.

KING TOBACCO IN MANY FORMS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

One of the artists on the POLICE GAZETTE staff, who is a great smoker, lighted his pipe the other day and found enough inspiration in it to draw the picture which is reproduced on page 9 of this issue. His idea was to show in how many different ways and under what circumstances tobacco or, as he called it, Princess



Photo by Lafayette, London, Eng.

L. D. COVINGTON.

An American who is King of the Globe Trotters.

Nicotine, was used. He began with the schoolgirl, puffing gingerly at smuggled cigarettes, and went along the line until he finished with the old apple woman vigorously puffing her clay duden. Incidentally he introduced the actress, taking dainty whiffs of high-priced Turkish tobacco, while she talks business to the two managers, for whom there is nothing in the world worth smoking except a perfect of rather extravagant dimensions. His fancy drawing of *dolce far niente* is simply a fancy and not sketched from life. When he sketched it he said it was his conception of solid comfort.

L. P. KEYES.

[WITH PHOTO.]

L. P. Keyes is one of the most expert tonsorialists in Chicago, Ill. He is employed by Chas. H. Cillike, the famous single-taxer, in the handsome shop at 22 East Randolph street.

JOHN WOODWARD.

[WITH PHOTO.]

John Woodward, of 72 Defrees street, Washington, D. C., is a crack third baseman. For many seasons he has been a familiar figure on the diamond, and he has always acquitted himself with credit.

"KID" COXEY.

[WITH PHOTO.]

"Kid" Coxe is a promising 105-pound boxer and a pupil of Joe Choynski, the clever Californian. Coxe has engaged in many battles and never suffered defeat; he is ready to meet any of the ambitious youngsters at his weight.

GUS MILLER.

[WITH PHOTO.]

Gus Miller, of Thunderbolt, Ga., who, although twenty-two years old weighs but eighty-five pounds, would like to be a professional jockey. He knows how to ride and is very anxious to get in some of the big racing stables.

G. P. ANGSTADT.

[WITH PHOTO.]

G. P. Angstadt is the well known and popular proprietor of the Pennsylvania House, corner Main and Whiteoak streets, Kutztown, Pa. He is a former employee of the Keystone Shoe Company, a prominent member of the Jr. O. U. A. M., and has numerous friends. Mr. Angstadt has had some alterations made since taking possession of this hotel and is running it on business principles. It is a first class place for traveling men, excellent accommodations and good attendants. His bar is well stocked with a choice line of wet goods and cigars. The assistant clerk is John Angstadt. He also mixes smiles.

A SPORTING TRIO.

[WITH PHOTO.]

Pat Flood, who is behind the bar at the Palace Cafe; Pat Breslin, who does the honors at the Hotel Washington, and Joe O'Donnell, of the Wagner House bar, Shamokin, Pa., are three of the most prominent bartenders in that town. They are known by all the good fellows of the anthracite coal regions, and each has a large personal following.

BEAUTY IN A MASK.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The swells of Atlantic City, N. J.—not the ocean swells, by the way—have been mystified by the appearance of a new beauty who has conceived the novel idea of wearing a mask when going in bathing. If she wanted to attract attention she certainly succeeded far beyond her anticipations, for upon her appearance crowds line the beach to look at her. She is evidently very handsome, and as much of her figure as is shown by her trim bathing suit is beautifully moulded.

A prominent hotel man is seriously considering the advisability of offering a prize to the first person who discovers her identity.

CAFES AND BARS

WHICH ARE

POPULAR RESORTS

Williamson's Magnolia Cafe at Elizabeth, N. J.

WHERE SPORTS MEET.

The Proprietor is a Well-known and Prominent Sporting Man.

(No. 171--With Photo.)

There are few sporting men in or near Elizabeth, N. J., who do not know George Williamson, owner of the Magnolia Cafe, at 1651 Magnolia avenue. The bar is one of the best stocked in the town and nothing but the best of wines, liquors and cigars is kept for the many customers of the place.

The Magnolia Cafe is most conveniently located, and is a recognized meeting place of the sporting element of the Eighth Ward.

Mr. Williamson is a member in good standing of many secret societies and lodges and is an all-around good fellow.

THOMAS GILLERAN.

[WITH PHOTO.]

Thomas Gilleran, one of the best known and most reliable sporting men of Binghamton, N. Y., is the owner of The Bank Hotel and Cafe at 30 Court street. He has a handsome bar which is liberally patronized by the best citizens of the city.

SHE HAD A LIVELY GARTER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

When a common snake so far forgets itself as to try and do the garter act around the shapely leg of a charming young woman there is bound to be trouble.

During the progress of a recent tennis game at Little Rock, Ark., a reptile who had wandered near the net took it into his head to encircle the nearest lower limb. He was so quick that he managed to get a couple of coils around it before his presence was known, and then the excitement began.

The owner of the limb tried to shake him off, but he wouldn't be shook. She screamed and the more noise she made the tighter he clung. She was on the verge of hysterics when a girl friend ran up with a racket and beat his snakeship over the head. Then he dropped to the ground where he was killed.

CHARLES W. PADGITT.

[WITH PHOTO.]

Charles W. Padgett is the star trumpeter of Co. D, 8th United States Infantry, now stationed at Fort Harrison, Mont. Through Amos Morris and George Pohlmeier, he hereby issues a challenge to any man west of the Mississippi to an egg-eating contest for a side bet of \$500, time and place to be hereafter mutually agreed upon by backers of both. Or if the eating contest cannot be arranged he issues a sweeping challenge to any butcher for a match the best 12 out of 15. He claims to be the undefeated champion of Bavaria.

JAMES DOCHERTY.

[WITH PHOTO.]

James Docherty, who owns the White Horse Hotel, at Sandy Point, Straits of Magellan, Chile, is one of the subscribers of the POLICE GAZETTE. He says that the further he is from New York, the more he wants the greatest sporting paper on earth. He has a well-established place of business where he is, and his friends will be glad to know that he is making money.

LASCOLA'S MILITARY BAND.

[WITH PHOTO.]

The members of Lascola's Famous Military Band of New Orleans, La., are: R. Lascola, leader; F. Romaguera, L. Fitzer, N. Lord, P. Coening, E. Bolender, J. Wexler, S. Goureno, J. Bolender and T. Witty. Lascola is a barber with a fine shop at the corner of St. Anthony and Claiborne avenues, and is one of the leading citizens of the district.

A HANDSOME PLACE.

[WITH PHOTO.]

Philip Kitz's shop is located at 191 Hudson avenue, Union Hill, N. J., and is patronized by all the prominent sporting men of that town. He has been a constant reader of the POLICE GAZETTE for sixteen years and keeps well posted in every line of sport. Many of the supplements adorn the walls of his shop.

SWIFTEST MESSENGER BOY.

I, George Stevens, care of the Western Union, New Orleans, La., claim to be the swiftest messenger boy in this city, and would like to hear from any messenger who would dispute my title for a match race. I will put up a neat little sum to show that I mean business; am pretty well posted with all the sports in the city. Yours respectfully, GEORGE STEVENS, New Orleans, La.

RULES OF ALL GAMES

This is one of the most valuable publications ever issued. It contains the rules governing athletic contests, etc., etc. Price, 25 cents.

Send \$1.00 and Get the Police Gazette for 13 Weeks, 13 Fine Halftone Supplements and a Sporting Book



Photo by Ashman, Baltimore.

SADIE HUESTED.

BOOKED FOR NEXT SEASON WITH WOODHULL'S BLUE
BLOOD BURLESQUERS, AS PRINCIPAL BOY.



Photo by Feinberg, New York.

CRISSIE SHERIDAN.

WITHOUT HER CITY SPORTS BURLESQUE COMPANY WOULD BE AN ACHING
VOID—SHE IS GREAT, ESPECIALLY IN THE LIMELIGHT.



Photo by Gore, Milwaukee.

EIGHT LITTLE ENGLISH GIRLS.

THEY DANCE WITH HANLON'S "SUPERBA" COMPANY, AND IT IS RUMORED THAT THEY ARE ALL
UNDER NINETEEN YEARS; DO YOU BELIEVE IT?



HUDSON DICK, 35 POUNDS.



SPEEDY JACK, 30 POUNDS.



WHITEY, 50-POUND CHAMPION.



SNOWBALL, 33 POUNDS.



FRANK C. MORGAN.
MANAGER OF THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
JACKSON, C.



FRED FEHR.
A FAMOUS CINCINNATI SPORTING MAN,
AND SOME OF HIS DOGS.



L. P. KEYES.
HE IS A MOST EXPERT TONSORIALIST
OF CHICAGO, ILL.



MORGAN MOORE'S SHOP.
A HANDSOME AND BUSY ESTABLISHMENT AT 116 SOUTH
TARRAGONA STREET, PENSACOLA, FLA.



A HANDSOME PLACE.
PHILIP KINZ DECORATES HIS SHOP AT 191 HUDSON AVENUE,
UNION HILL, N. J., WITH THE SUPPLEMENTS.



C. W. PADGITT.
STAR TRUMPETER AT FORT
HARRISON, MONT.



JOHN WOODWARD.
PROMINENT BALL PLAYER OF
WASHINGTON, D. C.



A SPORTING TRIO.
THEY ARE ALL BARTENDERS,
SHAMOKIN, PA.



GUS MILLER.
A COMING JOCKEY RESIDING AT
THUNDERBOLT, GA.

HOW APACHE KATE, A FAMOUS WOMAN OF THE WEST, AVENGED HER DAUGHTER

Vicious Cowboys Caused Horses to Stampede Through a Town and the Child Was Killed.

SHE SHOT ONE MAN AND LASOED THE OTHER.

Caught the Latter as He Was Riding Away and Her Strength Was So Great That the Lariat Severed His Head From His Shoulders.

They are telling a story down at Fort Clark, Tex., about a famous Indian woman who is known either personally or by reputation to nine-tenths of the soldiers in Uncle Sam's army. For the purposes of this story she will be called Apache Kate, although that is not her name. She is the widow of a famous scout and for years she rode by his side on his various expeditions against the Indians.

Many wonderful exploits have been placed to the credit of Kate. Ten years ago she possessed greater physical strength than any soldier in the army. When her husband was engaged in managing a pack train she helped him to handle the wild mules. She would go into a corral and seize the most vicious mule by one ear and his nose and hold him or perhaps drag him to his knees while the scout fastened a pack saddle on his back.

One night while Kate was passing a notorious joint at Fort Clark she heard her husband's name called. Pistols were popping inside of the house, though the gambling, the music and the dancing was hardly interrupted. Kate sprang through the door with a revolver in her hand, but before she reached the bar, where a fight was in progress, some one struck her arm with a saber. She saw Big Mike, a noted bully and ruffian, raining blows into her unarmed husband's face. Two of Big Mike's comrades were holding the scout's arms and forcing him toward a back door, where they would soon have murdered him. Kate knew that the fellows had obtained advantage over her husband by treachery and her Indian blood was fairly boiling as she sprang toward the cowards like a tigress. Summoning all of her strength she lunged at Big Mike as if she had been ejected from a catapult. She struck the man on the neck with her bare fist and he fell on the floor with a groan as a stream of blood spurted from his mouth. He was hardly out of the way before Kate shot out her left hand, and catching one of the men who was holding her husband by the throat, she threw him against the wall. The scout's arm was no sooner free than he drew a stiletto and slashed it across the neck of his remaining antagonist. Big Mike laid quivering on the stone floor. The woman's blow had broken the man's neck. The scout and his wife were plainly justifiable, but there was plenty of false swearing and several years passed before they were acquitted.

Kate and her fearless husband fought many battles, some of the most desperate of which were waged by them in defense of friends. Both of them were ever ready to shed the last drop of their blood for a comrade. Old soldiers often recall some of the desperate exploits of the famous scout.

Kate might have escaped history had it not happened that she was the central figure in one of the strangest affairs that ever occurred on the Western plains. She was engaged in selling tomatoes and chile at the little town of Langtry, away out on the Rio Grande, about six years ago when that place was made the scene of one of the most remarkable pieces of deviltry that human ingenuity ever devised. It seems strange that a human being animated by a spark of intelligence could have set such a revolting horror in motion.

Two strangers mounted on good horses rode into Langtry one evening, and, after patronizing Roy Bean's famous saloon and Kate's chile stand with a display of wealth and liberality that was not at all displeasing to the thirsty citizens of the dull little town, they grew slightly bolstered and finally dropped an intimation that the place needed "waking up."

The cowboys gave their pistol belts an extra hitch, and, after taking a drink, they told Bean that he "might hear from them later." He did hear from them, but no one knew at the time what they were hearing or exactly what they were seeing. The cowboys rode out to a railroad cattle pen only a few hundred yards from town where they probably intended to camp for the night.

It happened that there was a small drove of wild mustangs in the cattle pen, and when the horsemen rode up to the fence the mustangs began to snort and run around as if they were badly frightened. This seemed to interest the cowboys, both of whom were reeling in their saddles. One of them drew a dry hide from the fence, and, after shaking and drawing it over the plank, he threw it into the corral among the frightened mustangs. Nothing is better calculated to scare a wild horse out of his senses than a dry cow skin. The mustangs stampeded, and after circling about in terror they huddled together in one corner of the pen, where they stood shivering in fear of the hide, which they evidently expected would soon spring upon their backs.

The cowboys were hunting for something diabolical beyond the dreams of a fiend, and the terror of the ponies pleased them. Fifty or more dry hides were hanging on the corral fence. One of the daring reprobates sprang over into the pen, and dragging a hide after him he tied it to a mustang's tail. "Come on, Bill," he shouted, "cut me some strings and we will start an earthquake to go in this here part of the Lord's vineyard." A Mexican who was engaged in herding goats not far away witnessed the whole scene. He saw the two drunken cowboys working hard for an

hour or more tying the dry hides to the tails of the trembling animals.

After they had used some forty or more hides one of them accidentally discovered a barrel of some kind of inflammable oil that a cattle man had sent to the pen to make a dip for the cure of Texas fever.

"Let's do the thing up in style, Bill," said the leader of the deviltry. "Hand me a bucket of that oil and I'll stand on the fence and spray the beauties, bein' as they might have fever or ticks on them."

After pouring the whole barrel of oil over the ponies they then opened the gate. It was now dark and the two men mounted their ponies and with fire brands in their hands they galloped into the corral, yelling like Comanches. Hurling the flaming brands among the terrorized mustangs they began to fire their pistols. The herd lunged into the road and enveloped in a cloud of fire they started toward Langtry, making more noise than forty railroad trains.

Of the 200 or 300 people, men, women and children, who saw the cloud of flame sweeping through the street not one saw a horse. The whole town was blind and dumb with terror.

The horses neighed and bellowed as they ran, and the dry hides striking against the hard ground and the walls of houses made a roaring, hideous noise that was deafening. The terrorized ponies hardly occupied a dozen seconds in passing through the street, but to those who were falling upon their knees the horror seemed to have lasted for hours. Something caused them to make a sudden turn and the whole drove of maddened animals plunged through the wide open doors of a saloon. The bar was overturned and a billiard table crushed to the floor. More than twenty men were crowded against the walls. Not one of them saw a horse. They saw a "cloud of fire and heard roaring all around."

Thirty steps from the saloon the drove of mad mustangs plunged over a steep bank to fall into the Rio Grande, and their sufferings were ended.

Curiously enough very few people were hurt. Such a terrible piece of diabolism could not, however, end harmlessly. The flying mustangs overturned Kate's chile stand and trampled the body of her little girl, Navisse, into a bleeding mass of bruised flesh. Navisse was Kate's only child, a pretty little girl, and a great favorite with the people of the little town. The people of Langtry sat up all night discussing the strange scene they had witnessed and wondering what it meant.

On the next day the two Clark cowboys came back to town, and when they had got sufficiently drunk they took great pride in telling how they had "waked up" Langtry on the previous evening.

Kate no sooner heard of the boast that the strangers were making than she seized a Winchester and ran to the saloon where they were drinking and carousing.

"Murderers," she shrieked, as she threw her gun to



PERCY T. PUMPHREY.

Well-known Bowling Expert of Washington, D. C., who is Out with a Challenge.

her shoulder. "Murderers of my daughter, defend yourselves!"

One possessed some courage. He drew his pistol and fired several shots before Kate succeeded in putting a

MEN WHO LIKE DOGS

Will find a great deal of valuable information in "The Dog Fit," published by RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, N. Y. The price is 25 cents.

ball in a vital part of his carcass. The other fellow managed to mount his horse, and he was riding away in a gallop when Kate sent a bullet after him. He cringed, but did not fall. Kate was wild with rage. She mounted the pony of the man she had shot in the saloon and set out in pursuit of the coward. After firing one shot at long range Kate discovered that she had exploded her last cartridge. Burning to avenge the death of her child, she was determined that the murderer should not escape. A lariat was hanging at the horn of the saddle, and quickly loosening it the furious woman swung the noose around and sent it hissing through the air. The rope dropped over the man's head, and the moment the trained cow pony felt the pressure of Kate's knees he threw himself on his haunches and planted his fore feet in the sand. The other horse was fairly flying, and when the rope tightened on the man's neck the Indian woman witnessed a scene of horror that must have made her feel that she was more than avenged.

The man was jerked from his saddle, but both of his feet hung in the stirrups. The strong hard rope cut through the flesh of his neck as if it had been a knife, and the gory head bounded high in the air, spinning about like a ball.

The universal verdict was that it served the men right and no action was taken.

WON GAME AND BRIDE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There is really no necessity for mentioning names in this story, but the fact is that the pretty girl who has been missing from her home at Omaha, Neb., for some



Photo by Shorey, Lynn.

SMITH AND LEWIS.

They Have a Comedy Singing and Talking Act that is an Easy Winner.

time is now the bride of a stalwart baseball player. He had been courting her quietly for a long while and he wanted the wedding to take place at once, notwithstanding the remonstrances of her parents. She said she would marry him as soon as his team won a game.

The winning game came off at Omaha, and as soon as the ninth inning was over they jumped into a carriage which was in waiting and were whirled away to the parson's. It was all very pretty and romantic, but her impulsive wedding will probably cost the bride a lot of money, as her father said he would disinherit her if she ever married without his consent.

PERCY T. PUMPHREY.

[WITH PHOTO.]

Percy T. Pumphrey, better known as "Pumps," is one of the crack bowlers of Washington, D. C. "Pumps" is an endurance bowler. His manager, John Lynn, of the Keystone Hotel, Pennsylvania avenue, will back him for any amount up to \$500 to bowl anyone in the District a ten-hour match.

FRED FEHR AND DOGS.

[WITH PHOTO.]

Fred Fehr, the prominent saloonkeeper and sporting man of 1531 Freeman avenue, Cincinnati, O., has what is conceded to be one of the best kennels of fighting dogs in the country. He undoubtedly owns more pit dogs and game chickens than any man in the world. George Walker and Joe Geisendorf, two of the most capable trainers in the business, are employed by him by the year to look after his stock.

Mr. Fehr is always willing to arrange a match and he is willing to accommodate anyone who comes along. His sales business is very extensive and the price of pups ranges anywhere from \$10 to \$25.

L. D. COVINGTON.

[WITH PHOTO.]

"L. Dow Covington, of Covington, Ky., King of the Globe Trotters," his cards read, and his travels certainly bear out the statement. He is at one of the United States consulates at Cairo, Egypt, now, and it is very likely he will soon resume his travels.

PRETTY GIRL

CLEANED OUT STORE

WITH A GUN

Fired Weapon Until Cartridges Were Exploded.

THEN CUT HER THROAT

The Man She First Shot at Passed Three Towns Before He Stopped.

The most beautiful girl in New Iberia, La., attempted to kill herself in a most sensational manner in a store in that town recently. She walked into one of the leading shops in town and calling the proprietor to one side engaged him in earnest conversation. When he stepped back, as if to put an end to the conversation,

she became greatly excited. She put her right hand into the bosom of her shirt waist and drew out a large revolver of heavy caliber. She pointed the weapon at the man. Her hand trembled and vibrated with excitement as she pressed the trigger. The report was a loud one, and it caused great excitement among the men in the store and on the street. The ball grazed his head. He turned and ran for the door. She fired at him again and again as he disappeared through the door and into the street.

A prominent politician who was in the store at the time attempted to interfere when she turned the weapon on him.

The young woman was apparently in a frenzy of excitement. She fired at him but her hand trembled too much for her aim to be good, and the bullet missed him. But it turned the man and he retired. She fired at him again without effect.

By this time the excited young woman had the store to herself, but several male heads peered in through the doors and windows from the street. From outside the store these men saw her put her pistol to her temple. She pulled the trigger; it only clicked, as she had exhausted all the bullets on the two men. She pulled the trigger again, and again there

was only a click. In disgust the young woman threw the pistol to the floor and sprang back of the counter, where she seized a razor from a showcase.

"Tell mother I died innocent," she exclaimed, and before any one could make a move to interfere drew the keen edge of the blade across her pretty throat, and the blood gurgled out as she fell to the floor.

Other sensations were to come. When the proprietor ran from the store he did not stop, but kept on in the direction of Jeanerette.

When the girl's brother heard of the sensational occurrences he hurried home, took down his rifle and started off toward Jeanerette on a hunt for the fugitive.

When the sheriff heard of this he started off in pursuit of the brother.

The sheriff overtook the brother at Jeanerette and disarmed him. Later the sheriff returned to town with him, but the latter was not arrested. The brother declared he would yet find the fugitive and settle accounts with him.

From Jeanerette the frightened man, after being joined by his family, had driven to Charenton, where they took an open boat bound for Plaquemine. The store has been closed since the shooting.

The affair has created a tremendous sensation, not only in Iberia, but throughout that section of the State, and there may be interesting developments later.

DE VAN.

[WITH PHOTO.]

The De Van Brothers, one of whom is here pictured, have the credit of introducing the greatest diving dogs on earth—"Daisy" and "Dive"—climbing and diving from a fifty-foot ladder. These people are traveling with Barr Jeanerette Circus this season, creating quite a sensation wherever they appear. The dogs also do a laughable bag-punching act, which is very amusing. The De Vans are widely known among the circus-going public, owing to their daring and death-defying heel-swing.

BOXING IS EASY

"Boxing and How to Train" is an authentic and reliable book on the subject. It is fully illustrated. Price only 25 cents.

JACK O'BRIEN A FIGHTER

—DEMONSTRATES THE SUPERIORITY OF OUR TRAINING—

OF WHOM AMERICA IS PROUD

English Critics Praise Him for His Achievements and Marvel at the Astonishing Progress He Has Made.

HIS VICTORIES OVER CRISP AND NEWMIER.

Resume of His Brief and Meritorious Career---Never Intended to be a Boxer--- Took a Quitter's Place to Save a Friend's Bank-Roll.

Fitting expression has been given to the meritorious achievements of "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien, who won the English heavyweight championship, in the columns of the *London Telegraph* in its issue on the day after the American's victory over Harry Newmier. O'Brien is a comparatively new man in boxing. A few years ago he figured as a handler of boxers only and it was quite accidental that he drifted into the business for himself. It was to prevent a disappointment that he one night donned a fighting rig, a man he was to handle failing to come to time. He made such a showing then and since that experts assure a future for him in the championship division. That he will realize expectations looks hopeful and makes the following concerning his sojourn abroad interesting:

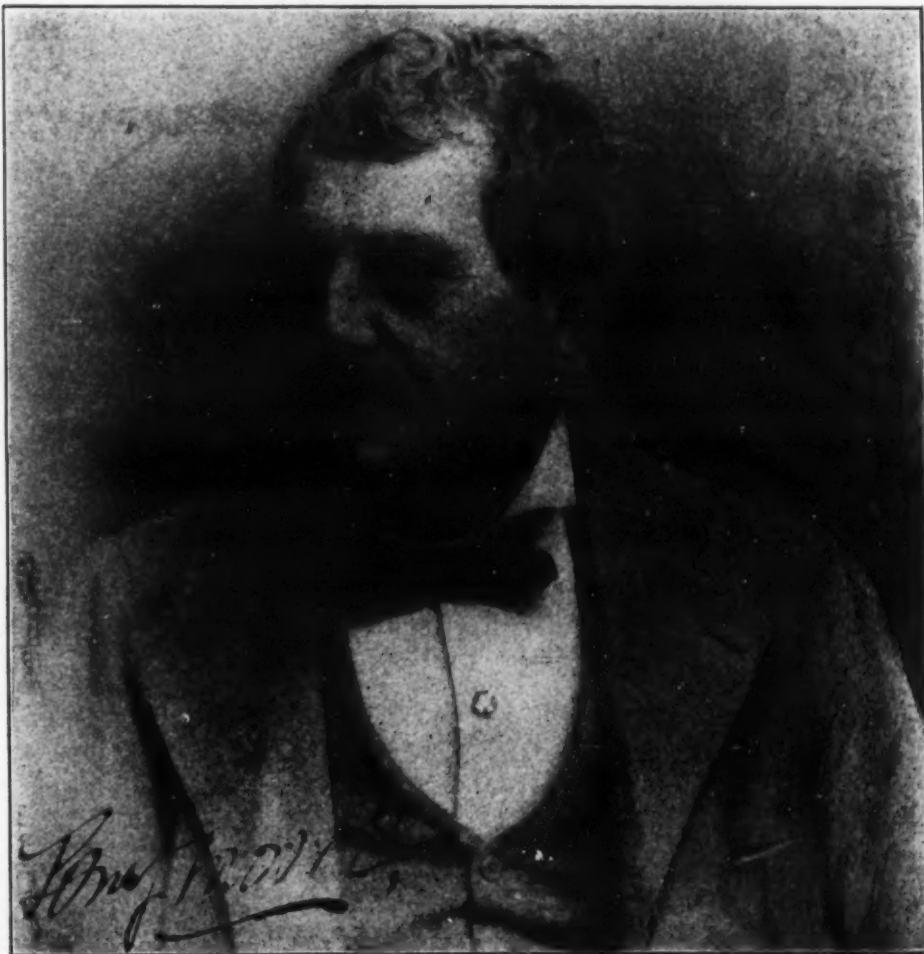
"Last night Newcastle was again the scene of an international glove contest, when John O'Brien, of Philadelphia, U. S. A., opposed Harry Newmier, of London, in a match of twenty rounds, decided at Ginnett's Circus, under the usual rules. Although the affair only lasted six rounds, it was one long spell of desperately hard work, both men crowding all in from the first sound of the gong until the count out. The Englishman was at a disadvantage as regards years, but he made a very fine stand against an opponent his superior in everything but pluck. O'Brien continued his successful career by winning a determined and stubborn encounter in a clever and business-like manner. The American has been in England about six months. He came here with an excellent record, and in his first fight he cleverly defeated a Birmingham man named Smith in four rounds. This same Smith was highly thought of by his friends, but at no time in the course of the contest did he stand the shadow of a chance with the smart man from the States. O'Brien then met Thompson of Gateshead, a strong, determined boxer after his own build and size. Like Smith, however, Thompson could never go the pace with the stranger. As a fact, O'Brien's second match proved an easier thing than his first, as Thompson, quite outclassed, was beaten to a standstill before the end of the second round.

"Nothing daunted, the North countrymen made another effort to check the victorious career of the stranger, and for this purpose George Crisp, of Newcastle, was put forward. Although something of a veteran, Crisp was with good reason looked upon as about the best big man in the country. He had defeated in decisive fashion a powerful, hard-hitting heavyweight, Taylor, of Woolwich, thought by many to have all the make-up of a champion, and his friends were confident that, if not a winner, he would surely give the Philadelphian a good fight. Again, those who wish to see O'Brien pushed were doomed to disappointment. Crisp, in fact, could hardly put a glove on his cunning and shifty opponent, and, outgeneraled in every way, he was stopped for good in the eleventh round of a bout that might have ended in less than half the time had the winner felt so inclined. After this the North countrymen gave up O'Brien as a bad job, and it was left to the Southerners to try and find a customer capable of lowering the colors of the American. Newmier, of Bethnal-green, was the man selected, and recently he and O'Brien signed articles to box at catch-weights for stakes and purse money said to be equal to \$4,075.

"Newmier, a barge laborer by trade, is seven years the senior of his opponent of yesterday, and a hard-working fellow, invariably in good condition. As a boxer he graduated in that famous old house, the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, presided over for years by 'Bill Richardson,' the friend and backer of the once redoubtable Tom Sayers. In the ring at the Anchor, Newmier met with average success, and then leaving his native land for the States he met and defeated several good men, fighting many hard and determined battles in New York, Chicago and San Francisco. Returning home Newmier added to his long list of victories, and it is worthy of note that previous to the ratification of the match under notice defeat in contests of any importance had been his portion but twice—first in California, at the hands of John L. Hengot, known out there as 'Young Mitchell,' and in London, when opposed to Albury Clifford, the champion of Tasmania. As regards height O'Brien and Newmier were fairly well matched, both being about five feet ten and one-half inches. O'Brien, however, was the bigger man.

"The circus was well attended, but not crowded when the men took the ring about half-past nine. Mr. G. T. Manning, of London, was the referee, and after this gentleman had cautioned the competitors they lost no time in commencing the business in hand. O'Brien, as usual, was very aggressive, and, creeping within distance, he shot the left glove on the body. This brought about some hard exchanges, in which the extra strength and power of the stranger were plainly evident. Newmier did his best to keep pace with his rival, and twice he steadied O'Brien with left-handed blows on the mouth. The American, however, would not be stalled off, and, fighting with marked determination at the body, he punished the Londoner heavily. Newmier came up gamely for the second time and

pluckily stood his ground. He received two or three jarring blows on the head, and after boxing a minute fell to the floor. Half way through the round he was down again, and this time he rested eight seconds on one knee. The spectators got very excited, and they cheered wildly when the Englishman, springing to his feet, exchanged blow for blow with the American. The last named, however, was the fresher man as they stood up again once more. O'Brien fought in hurricane fashion, and again Newmier stood with him toe to toe. The principals, like the spectators, got exceedingly wild and excited, and more than once both fought in holds. In the fourth round the men thumped each other all over the square, and half way through they fell together off the stage on to the floor.



"PONY" MOORE THE AMERICAN MINSTREL.

Who Says His Son-in-Law, Charley Mitchell, Can Still Hold His Own as a Fighter.

For half the fifth round Newmier fought his man right royally. Then the strength and biting power of the American began to tell. The Londoner weakened slowly but surely, and O'Brien, as strong as at the start, delivered some telling shots on the body. The end came sooner than was anticipated, as, landing left and right with marked effect, O'Brien had his opponent beaten half way through the sixth bout."

REGATTA FOR OARSMEN.

The following letter explains itself:

AUSTIN, Tex., July 8, 1901.
MR. RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: Your generous patronage in all lines of sport, especially your kindness towards not only the writer but the Austin Regatta Association in '96 when you assisted us in bringing over to this side of the big pond the best four-oared crew (professional) that ever left England, is still fresh in my memory, and as secretary of all the regattas and especially as referee in the last event, leads me to once more take up our past pleasant business relations.

I expect to run off a professional and amateur regatta this fall at Kingsland, Tex. We have an elegant artificial lake at this point, created by a dam across the Colorado river, and while I am to-day writing my many friends among the oarsmen I feel that some little mention of the event in your popular paper will help the matter along.

The regattas here would have been annual affairs to-day had not the great dam burst. I hope to transfer the rowing of the South to the lake at Kingsland and once again give this sport an impetus that will bring

FIGHTERS AND THEIR RECORDS

All the champions to date, with portraits, in the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1901. Price, 10 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.

good results. With your kind assistance in the premises I am sure we can accomplish this end much earlier. I would like to receive something from the scattered oarsmen in order that I may get them in line and arrange for a programme of races, prizes, etc. Somewhere about the first part of September would be lovely for rowing down here.

Thanking you in advance for anything you may do for us I beg to remain with best wishes for the continued success of the POLICE GAZETTE.
Yours truly, L. D. SMITH.

NO BOXING IN CHICAGO.

Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, does not favor boxing, judging from his interpretation of the Thompson athletic committee ordinance which passed at the Chicago common council's last meeting.

"There will be no boxing under that ordinance," said the mayor. "It was a sharp act on the part of Alderman Jackson to tack to the ordinance an amendment excepting from its operations all exhibitions in violation of the State law. Whoever drew up that amendment deserves credit for the thorough manner in which he did it. I would have been sorry to see council take the position of being willing to see the criminal laws of the State violated.

"About the only thing, I think, which could be exhibited under it is wrestling, and I am opposed to that on general principles, for there has hardly been an honest wrestling match in this city since I was born."—and nowhere else I shall venture the privilege of adding.—Ed.

BURNS BEATEN BY SCHRECK.

South Omaha, Neb., was the scene of another lively fight on July 6, when Mike Schreck, of Cincinnati, put Charley Burns, also of Cincinnati, to sleep in the third round of what was to have been a twenty-round go.

Schreck had the advantage in condition over his antagonist. Burns, however, was game, and did some rough-house fighting, which astonished the spectators. Schreck was heady, cool, strong and quick. He played for his opponent's wind, landed one uppercut after another. Burns tried to save himself by repeated clinches, but the gong was all that saved him at the end

SMALL TALK ABOUT THE PUGS

Lively Gossip of Interest Concerning the Doings of the Fighters.

Jack Herman says he hopes to have his boxing clubhouse in Fort Erie near Buffalo, N. Y., ready for the first bout on August 15.

There is talk of a boxing match between Frank Erne and Terry McGovern in the Stadium at Buffalo. It is very incomplete as yet.

Joe Handler, of Newark, has made up his mind to go to San Francisco. He has received an offer to meet a Californian lightweight and has accepted.

Jack Root has failed to come to terms with George Gardiner and has left for his home in Chicago. Gardiner would not make the concessions asked by Root.

Griffith Jones, the young 105-pounder, a pupil of Tommy Feltz, has been matched to box Dave Watson, of Paterson. The battle will be decided within three weeks.

"Rube" Ferns, the champion welterweight, says that he has been promised a match with Tommy Ryan. Ferns has agreed to allow Ryan to weigh in at 158 pounds.

Jack Grace, the boxer, who just returned from South Africa, says: "I see that all of the boxers have turned wrestlers, and it is up to me, I guess, to get in line also."

George Munroe, the featherweight who has been doing good work in the West of late, writes from Alexandria, Ind., that he will visit England next fall and try his luck over there.

George Green, known as "Young Corbett," has turned manager and has taken Billy De Coursey, of Frisco, under his wing. De Coursey is anxious to fight either Joe Bernstein or Solly Smith.

Jack Root and "Kid" Carter, whose bout in San Francisco recently ended in a victory for Root, on a foul, have, it is said, agreed on a return match at the National Club, on the coast, next fall.

Charley Goff, the clever middleweight, met Bob Hodges, of Spokane, at Grand Forks, B. C., recently. He knocked his man out in the second round. Hodges, who is a miner, was outclassed.

"I have given up all intention of fighting again," remarked Frank McConnell, of Frisco. "I am back working at my trade again, which I think there is more money in in the long run."

Oscar Gardner's hands are in such poor condition that he has decided to quit fighting for a while. The "Omaha Kid" has been boxing for fifteen years, and his hands are much distorted.

A number of boxing promoters of Muncie, Ind., are negotiating for the purchase of nine acres of valuable land east of that city for the purpose of constructing one of the finest clubhouses in the State.

The fight between Oscar Rainey, champion of Arkansas, and Young Sharkey, of the Pacific coast, was declared a draw after the fourth round at Little Rock, Ark., interference by officers putting a stop to it.

Ben Jordan, who has been seriously ill with malarial fever, has recovered sufficiently to permit him to marry the daughter of his backer, Law. Jordan says that he may visit America next fall with his bride.

Tom Sharkey hasn't been saying much about the wrestling game since he got back to New York. Big men don't generally go around boasting of being mauled by little men, and Sharkey did get pretty well mauled by McLeod.

The physicians who examined Jack Moffatt's dislocated shoulder at Frisco advised the Chicago boy to do no more boxing. The injury is a serious one, and Moffatt fully realizes that his fighting days are over. He has retired for good.

Sam Fitzpatrick has received an offer to match Bill Hanrahan against Fred Russell, of Denver, at Seattle. Fitz has written to the matchmaker of a new club there to the effect that Hanrahan will be prepared to fight within three weeks.

The original promoters, it seems, are not to reap the fruits of the Connecticut Golf Club scheme. A rival golf club has been organized, and it is backed up by home capital. Golf will soon begin to look like a popular sport in Connecticut.

Charles C. Winters, of Sandusky, O., champion bag puncher, who recently defeated Jack Ladoe, champion bag puncher of Canada, will go to the Pan-American Exposition to contest for glory in the athletic games programmed for Ohio Day.

Articles of agreement for a match between "Kid" Carter, of Brooklyn, and Marvin Hart have been signed by the latter and forwarded to Carter for his signature. The match is for twenty rounds, to take place in Louisville on the night of Aug. 26.

A message from Berlin says: "There is a story current here that Corbett, the American pugilist, has been engaged by the Emperor himself for a series of boxing displays at court, and that the Kaiser may even take lessons in the 'noble art' from the champion."

Tom Couhig has reached the haven which so many sportsmen make when they retire permanently or otherwise from the rude activities of the ring or track. Thomas sent out invitations to the opening of his throat-moistening shop at Dunkirk, N. Y., last Wednesday.

"Pedlar" Palmer, the once noted English featherweight champion, is broke, and his friends in England are getting up a benefit for him. Palmer made a small fortune in the fighting game, but was not thrifty. Palmer says that his troubles date from the time of his defeat by Terry McGovern.

FOR DOG FANCIERS

"The Dog Pit," price 25 cents, will tell you all you want to know regarding dogs. It contains the rules, too. Send to this office.

You Don't Want to Miss Next Week's Supplement---Christy Mathewson, the Prince of Ball Pitchers



WON GAME AND BRIDE.

HANDSOME BALL PLAYER HEADS FOR THE PARSON'S WITH A PRETTY GIRL AT OMAHA, NEB.



SHE HAD A LIVELY GARTER.

FRISKY REPTILE TAKES PART IN A TENNIS GAME AT LITTLE ROCK, ARK, CREATING A PANIC.



KING TOBACCO IN MANY FORMS.

HOW, WHERE AND UNDER WHAT CIRCUMSTANCES THE ALLURING WEED IS SMOKED,
AND THOSE WHO FIND EASE IN PRINCESS NICOTINE.

GUS RUHLIN GONE TO 'FRISCO

TO SEE CHAMPION JEFFRIES EXPECTING

TO ARRANGE A BIG FIGHT

Trouble About the Result of the Carter-Root Fight Augmented by Ugly Rumors Concerning the Betting.

CORBETT'S DREAM OF PROSPECTIVE GREATNESS

Fitz and Sharkey to Give a Comedy Wrestling Act---New Boxing Clubs in California---Small Talk and Gossip.

Interest in the prospective fight between Jim Jeffries and Gus Ruhlín for the heavyweight championship was revived last week by Ruhlín's departure for the Pacific Coast, where he expects to meet the champion and come to some definite terms regarding a match. The situation was never more favorable than it is at present for an affair of this kind, and if the Californian refuses to come to an agreement it is because he has no intention of fighting again, and this Ruhlín intends to find out. Only last week John Gleason, of 'Frisco, went to Los Angeles to secure Jeffries' signature to an agreement to fight, but the latter declined and said that "anybody who wants to fight him will have to wait until he is good and ready to proceed." That is an extremely poor line of argument and hardly fair to the man who is anxious to fight and take the chances of defeat and obscurity.

If a match is made Los Angeles and San Francisco will be sturdy bidders for it. In the former city the prospect of securing it has caused a number of the leading business men to take an active interest in promoting the affair.

When Jeffries and Ruhlín failed to meet in Cincinnati on account of a number of the citizens invoking the aid of the courts to stop the fight, Los Angeles was in the field with an offer for the contest. The offer has been renewed, and every effort will be made to bring the men together in Jeffries' home town. The champion has consented to meet Ruhlín there providing protection is guaranteed and a suitable purse is offered.

The "suitable purse" part of the proposition is where 'Frisco comes in. Manager Jim Kennedy, of the Twentieth Century Athletic Club, who is now in New York city, said yesterday:

"The Twentieth Century Club has open dates in August and September and we are waiting for Jeffries to say when he will fight. Ruhlín is anxious for the match and will enter the ring at any time, but Jeffries does not like the warm weather and for that reason he doesn't want the fight to take place until the fall. He will be ready for the mill in September. I think everything will be settled satisfactorily when Ruhlín sees Jeffries and then I will offer monetary inducements which no club in the country to-day can discount."

Looks as if something might be doing shortly!

"What do you think of them for wrestlers?" somebody asked Announcer Joe Humphreys during the Fitzsimmons-Ruhlín bout.

"Wrestlers, eh," replied Joe. "The two of 'em together couldn't throw a pair of treys!"

Rumors have reached the East that the betting is a potent factor in determining the outcome of the pugilistic contests held in San Francisco. No less competent authority than the pugilistic writer for the *Examiner*, one of the leading papers of that city, recently recalled the Sharkey-Fitzsimmons-Wyatt Earp decision by publishing the following:

"The men who make wagering a profession won their bets on the Twentieth Century Club's fight, although many who saw the contest believed that the decision should have been reversed. When Root was clinging to Carter to save himself, and was clearly a beaten man in the fifteenth round of his go, he was struck a blow which Referee Phil Wand declares was delivered when the fighter's knees were on the floor. Wand gave Root the fight on a foul. The crowd booed and howled. Referee Wand justified the award. Whether or not his judgment is correct, the fact remains that the 'sure thing' men won all the money wagered on the contest."

Billy Roche, one of Carter's seconds in the bout with Root, at San Francisco, asserts that the Brooklynite was robbed by the referee. Roche describes the last round as follows:

"Carter had Root out, and the referee, by giving the decision to Root on a foul, committed a robbery. Carter beat Root to a standstill before driving home that blow under the heart that sent Root to the floor for the count of ten. The referee was about to count Root out when his seconds jumped into the ring and claimed that Carter landed a low blow. I then ran over and inquired of the referee: 'What's this about; we get the decision, don't we?'"

"No, you lose on a foul for hitting too low," said he. "I then said to him: 'Just reserve your decision until a doctor examines this man. If he has been hit low he will show a redness and a swelling.' The doctor was called and he promptly declared that the blow which stopped Root had landed under the heart, and that no blow below the belt had been delivered. The referee then said: 'Well, Root was fouled anyhow because Carter struck him as he was going down.' It was a raw deal all around."

Now it is Fitzsimmons and Sharkey who are carded to "bunk" the sporting people of the metropolis with a comedy wrestling match. Western "guns" and "graters" say, and very truthfully, too, that New York is the greatest sucker town on the map, and the fact is demonstrated in the way the people stand for the "work" of these professional "sharks." Pugilistic wrestlers have a game which compares favorably with the savdest swindle. They don't know how to wrestle and fall to give the people who pay at the gate adequate compensation for their money. There are lots of

fools--and if there wasn't some of these bums would starve to death--who can be "kidded" into a belief that these fighters know something about the game, when, as a matter of fact, they haven't intelligence enough to appreciate the intricacies of skillful wrestling and are physically able to do nothing more than pull each other around like a couple of big cows. I'll venture the opinion that Harvey Parker, the lightweight wrestler, can throw all five of the big heavyweights--Jeffries, Ruhlín, Corbett, Sharkey and Maher--in an hour, and not with very much trouble, either. Little Dan McLeod handled Sharkey like a toy ball in Buffalo a few weeks ago, and Sharkey is conceded to be the best of all the pugilists from a muscular point of view, and muscle counts for almost as much as brains in wrest-

highest paths of tragedy and comedy. My habits are good and I am always in good condition for intellectual work.

"Sarah Bernhardt is the most conscientious student of dramatic art in the world; this, combined with her genius is why she is the greatest actress. It makes me weary to hear Americans say Maude Adams is the equal of Bernhardt."

"I should like to play 'Hamlet' some day when I shall have studied it closely. My stage presence is better than that of any impersonator of Hamlet whom I can recall. Just now I am making arrangements to spar with the champions of France."

From losing a pugilistic championship "without getting a black eye or a bloody nose," to comparing his own histrionic attainments with those of Coquelin and Henry Irving is about as ridiculous a piece of presumption as I ever heard of. His opinion of Sarah Bernhardt should place him upon a pinnacle of favor in that lady's estimation, while dainty little Maude Adams should feel correspondingly depressed because a big, illiterate, presumptuous, conceited cad says that hearing her countrymen praise her "makes him weary."

He says his "habits are good and he always is in good condition for intellectual work."

That may be so, but the fact has certainly been the cause of much comment, many times and oft.

It is more than probable that Terry McGovern will take a hold on the wrestling game. Little Terry has the money eye as well as an eye for punching distance and sees that there are yeast bunches of yellow on the mat.

It was but the natural trend of events for San Francisco to regain the leadership in fistic affairs. It was in the metropolis of the Golden West that the present day scheme of public boxing contests first became the vogue. The Middle West and East fell into line and when the game received a set-back in 'Frisco the clubs in the East enjoyed an unprecedented amount of success, but for reasons with which we are all of us more or less familiar the Eastern clubs were forced out of business and, favorable conditions prevailing, the game was resumed on the Pacific coast, and the conditions bid fair to remain the same for some time to

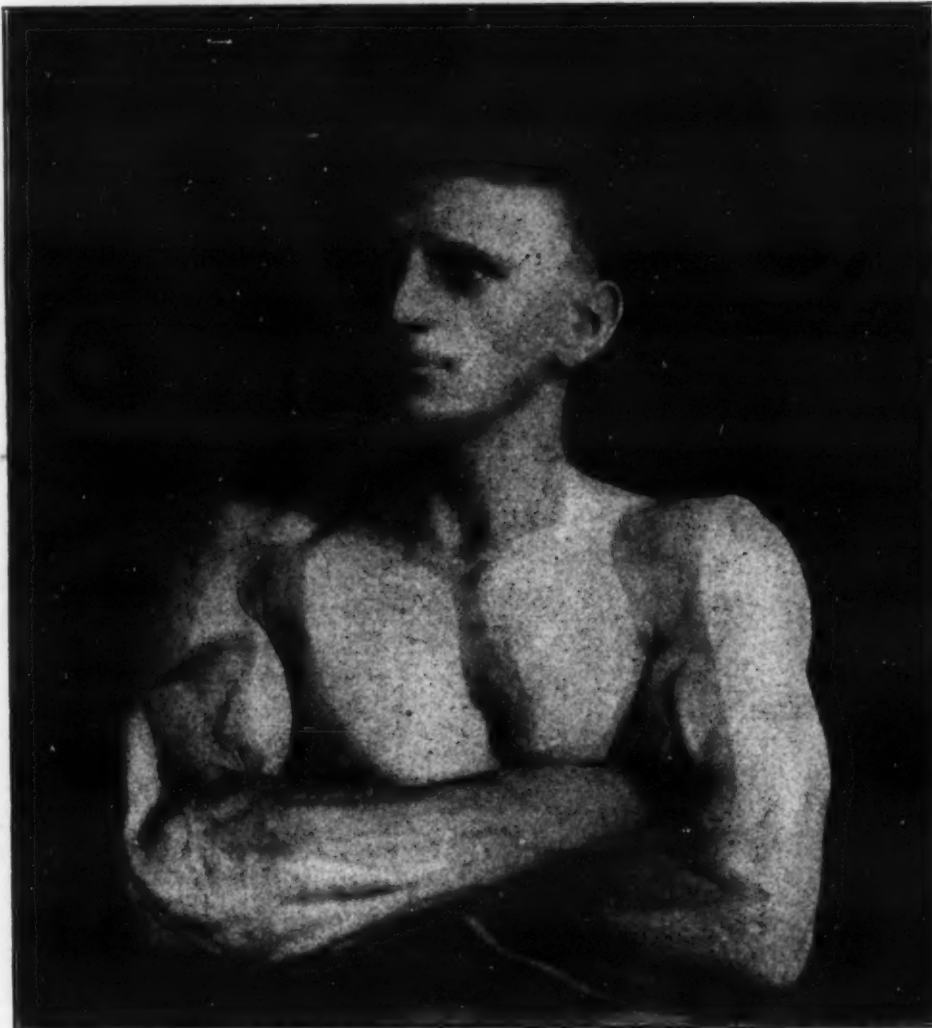


Photo by Nicola, New Orleans.

O. B. SCHOENFELD.

"Parson" Davies' Wrestling Find who is "Carded" to Meet Tom Sharkey Soon.

ling. The fact is apparent then that Sharkey was something shy in the possession of the other essential commodity.

Nobody in the world enjoys good, fair, on-the-level sport more than I do, and I'll go as far as anybody and smile as complacently at discomfort to see anything worth seeing, but I certainly must "pass" on this pugilistic wrestling business. The fact that I have several times refused to referee matches of this sort demonstrates that they can't pay me to look at them!

In an interview which has just reached here from Paris, Jim Corbett demonstrates that his long-distance conversational abilities have not been warped by any untoward circumstances which have happened of late. In these days of pugilistic inactivity it is fortunate, perhaps, that we have men like Corbett who are able to give us dull newspaper fellows something to comment upon. The Corbetts, "One-Eyed" Connollys and Barney Reichs are the comedians of the game who can always be depended upon for a yarn even if it does bear the earmarks of a joke.

For instance here's the way Corbett "strings" himself and incidentally "cons" a presumably wise fellow in Paris, who hastens to cable the former champion's line of talk to this side:

"I hope to be as great an actor as Henry Irving or Coquelin, the elder. I am ambitious and there's no future for me in the prize ring. I am the only man who ever lost the championship of the world without a black eye or a bloody nose."

"Now I mean to study very hard and conquer in the

THE BARTENDER'S FRIEND

Bartenders, get a copy of the "New Police Gazette Guide." All the latest drinks are in it. Price 25 cents.

FITZ WAS THROWN

IN A ONE-SIDED CONTEST

BY GUS RUHLIN

Cornishman is Not Much of a Wrestling Expert.

WON STRAIGHT FALLS.

Plenty of Hard Raps Which Suggested a Willingness to Fight.

Gus Ruhlín got his revenge out of Bob Fitzsimmons the other night for the thrashing the latter gave him about a year ago. They came together for the second time at Madison Square Garden on July 9 in a wrestling match. Gus tugged and strained at the Cornishman, and in a half hour's time twice put Bob's broad shoulders to the floor. The art of Græco-Roman wrestling as understood by pugilists was amply illustrated by these contestants. Both made their debuts as professional wrestlers, and, considering the fact that they were debutantes, they did well. Incidentally, too, they showed that they have not forgotten the boxing game by giving one another a sly rap now and then, never falling at such times to bring down the house. Three thousand is a pretty small crowd for the Garden, but the three thousand were all enthusiastic devotees of the big fellows.

It was not science, but brute force that won for Ruhlín. The Akron giant was bigger and heavier than his opponent, and brute force won in the end. Several times Fitz looked as though he should like to send in a good left hook instead of dilly dallying on a mat trying to pull the other fellow down in a loving embrace. Several times the men exchanged love taps, at which the bleacherites yelled "get the gloves." Altogether, it can justly be said that the affair was successful from several points of view. Charley White was referee and Joe Humphreys was the announcer.

It was a reminder of old times to see Fitz and Ruhlín in the ring. Fitz was the first to appear, and he received some vigorous cheers from his many friends present. Ruhlín was also well received when he swung himself into the ring a few minutes after his rival. When both men had stripped, it was at once seen that Fitz was pounds lighter than his adversary, who tipped the beam at 190. Fitz said his weight was 160. When time was called both shook hands very gingerly and at once began a series of feints, crouches, side-steps and shifts. Fitz scored first blood and caused a laugh by slapping Gus in the face. An exchange of slaps followed, and then Ruhlín suddenly went down on all fours, while Bob did his best to turn him over. Some lively mix-ups followed, in which honors were about even. Bob got in a strangle-hold once that made Gus wince, but the latter managed to get away from the grip before it did him much damage. Gus at one time lifted Bob bodily, threw him on all fours and then twisted him over almost on his back. Had Bob been less quick he would have succumbed then and there. A quick wriggle, however, saved him for the time. Suddenly Gus secured a three-quarter Nelson and after a series of tugs and pulls, in which he seemed to use all of his giant strength, he finally managed to get Bob on his back in 12 minutes and 45 seconds.

A rest of fifteen minutes followed. It could be seen by most every one present that Ruhlín was too big and strong for his opponent. Had Bob known a little more about the fine points of the game he might have made things more interesting for his rival. It was evident, however, that the Cornishman took less kindly to the Græco-Roman art than did the Ohio man. Beaten a year ago, and badly, too, at the game of boxing, by Lanky Bob, Gus had a big incentive to show his ability as a wrestler, and to prove his right to the title of the "Akron Giant." Ruhlín has the making of an ideal wrestler, and with a little more practice he should develop better abilities than Roeder ever had.

When time was called by Charley White for the second bout, the men resumed business with a snap and dash that put the crowd on edge. Fitz again assumed his old fighting crouch and made a few feints and slaps at his opponent that fairly made the crowd yell. His swings on Ruhlín's neck and forearms were responded to by a series of jabs in the face and neck. Bob got in one wallop on Ruhlín's ribs that was hard enough to be heard all over the house.

Both seemed at times to forget that they were not engaged in a boxing bout, and several of their attempts at strangle holds looked more like some of their old-time clinches. At one time Gus grabbed Bob by the throat and held his grip so tenaciously that the Cornishman's eyes popped nearly out of his head. He saved himself from being strangled by sending in a solar plexus punch that had Ruhlín in difficulties for a few minutes. The Akron Giant appeared to be getting tired and it began to look, after all, as though "Ruby Robert" might win. Bob made a sudden rush and tried to upset his opponent. The latter grabbed Fitz as though he had been a little child, and threw him over his back for the easiest kind of a fall in 12 minutes and 24 seconds. That settled the match. The verdict was a popular one, as it was clearly seen that Fitz had been outclassed. Bob took his defeat good naturedly and told some friends that he didn't think he would ever be the champion wrestler. Fighting is more to his taste.

BERNSTEIN'S MONEY ATTACHED.

Jack Dougherty, the manager, who brought out "Kid" McPartland, Matty Matthews and Jack O'Brien, has attached the \$500 that Joe Bernstein was to have received out of his match with Tim Callahan at 'Frisco a few weeks ago. Dougherty says that Bernstein owes him \$750 and that he has a five years' contract with the pugilist, which was drawn up and signed in 1899.

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When You Are in Doubt Ask Us to Verify Your Opinion Before You Make a Wager---We Settle All Kinds of Bets.

Oliver Piereson, Joplin, Mo.—Send photo; no charge.

C. I. Callery, Pa.—Have no recollection of them. Try again.

F. O. C., Springfield, Mass.—See answer to "Scrap," Springfield, Mass.

W. T., Boston, Mass.—Was Bob Fitzsimmons ever knocked out by Jack Dempsey? No.

J. F., Newark, N. J.—How can I become a jockey; where to go? Apply to some stable at the race track.

P. C., Toronto, Can.—What is the address of Tom Sharkey? His address is Sheephead Bay, N. Y.

E. W. M., Larned, Kan.—Send ten cents for "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," containing all pugilists records.

H. M., Fonda, N. Y.—John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain fought for \$10,000 a side. Richard K. Fox found the \$10,000 for Kilrain and sent him \$1,000 to bet on himself in the ring. Sullivan was backed by a syndicate.

E. C. W., Bayfield, Col.—In a game of poker, A holds a heart flush with the Joker at the head and queen next, and B holds a diamond flush with the ace at the head and king next. Which one wins? B's flush wins.

W. E. Garrett, Red Springs, N. C.—Two gentlemen here have up a bet: one bets that John L. Sullivan has been champion of the world, and the other bets that he has not been? He never was champion of the world.

J. B., Los Banos, Cal.—Is this coin worth anything—Portugal coin, five centimos, copper; words inscribed: Del Gratia, Maria Int, one side; Regina Portugalus Et Algarbium; date, 1873? Inquire of some coin dealer in San Francisco.

Reader, Schenectady, N. Y.—What is the admission to a game of baseball in the American League and also the Eastern League? Did Pete Crane, of Schenectady, ever pitch in the National League? Twenty-five cents. 2. No.

M. F., New London, Conn.—Regarding Rice-Feltz contest at New London, June 27th, A bets B that Rice will not win the fight. It was declared a draw; no provision made in regard to draw. Who wins the bet? Rice doesn't win and B loses. It's a catch bet.

W. P., Canajoharie, N. Y.—J. Ward, the famous English pugilist, died on April 6, 1884. He was eighty-four years old when he died. 2. No. 3. Send 25 cents to this office for the book entitled "The Champions of England." It contains Ward's battles in the prize ring.

W. J., Little Falls, N. Y.—John H. Clark and Arthur Chambers fought for \$2,000 and the lightweight championship of America on March 27, 1879, on Navy Island, Canada. One hundred and thirty-six rounds were fought in two hours and twenty minutes when Chambers was declared the winner.

Scrap, Springfield, Mass.—I would like to take the liberty to ask you whether Robert Fitzsimmons or John L. Sullivan could hit the hardest blow? Pugilists are too careful of their hands to risk breaking them on a punching machine. Sullivan was credited with being able to hit the hardest blow in a fight.

W. T., Schenectady, N. Y.—Barney Aaron was born in the East End of London, England, on Nov. 21, 1890. He came to this country in 1853. He was beaten by Andy Mathewson, Dick Curtis, the "Pet of the Fancy"; Harry Jones, the "Sailor Boy," and Tom Smith. He defeated Jack Collins, the "Bargeman"; Jack Lenney, the "Cowboy" (twice); Frank Redmond (twice); Dick Hares, Jack Warren, Jack Raines and Marsh Bateman.

W. M., Bedford, Ind.—Which horse is the speediest running horse in the world for a mile? Where did His Eminence get his name. Who is the best of the two jockeys, J. Winkfield or J. Woods? What is Mansey Marks, the "Memphis Plunger's" address in Chicago, Ill.? The question cannot be answered accurately as the best horses in the world have no chance of meeting to decide the question. 2. Probably the selection of his owner. 3. Winkfield, in our opinion. 4. Give it up. We don't happen to know "Mansey."

F. L. T., Milwaukee, Wis.—A bets B \$50 that he can walk five miles in sixty-five minutes, and puts up a \$10 forfeit, which he decides to lose rather than make the attempt. But I also hold other wagers which B claims are also his. They were made by friends of A and placed in my hands. I maintain that he can hold no person but the man who refused to walk. They were simply backing him and cannot expect anyone but A to lose, as he failed to make a try? A loses his forfeit, but other wagers are drawn unless stipulations were distinctly made that in case of a failure of either contestant to appear the wagers were to be lost.

L. O. S., Joliet, Ill.—Let me know whether Charles McKeever's home is in Brooklyn or Philadelphia? Philadelphia.

K. R., Metropolitan, Mich.—What was the weight of Sullivan when he fought Mitchell in France? About 230 pounds.

C. M. L., Bridgeport, Conn.—What are the records of Carrol, the strong man? Give it up. They have never been compiled.

B. T., Sault Ste Marie, Mich.—I have in my possession a United States half-cent dated 1820. What is it worth? Write to a coin dealer.

Slick, Bessemer, Ala.—Have you J. J. (Kid) Collins' photo? Can you give me the address of T. H. Fowler? Yes, photo received. 2. No.

Soldier, De Malabon, P. I.—Was Peter Jackson ever whipped in a prize fight inside of the last three



TERRY McGOVERN IS THE STANDARD BEARER

Of a Brooklyn, N. Y., Political Organization which will Endorse His Nomination for Political Honors at the Coming Fall Elections---What Terry Wants He Usually Gets!

years? Yes, by Jeffries, at San Francisco, March 22, 1896.

E. K., Newport, R. I.—K bets that Constitution would beat Independence; H bets she would not; K bets it was a race; H bets it was not. Who wins? It was not a race. Bet is off.

J. K., Redridge, Mich.—What is the exact height of Tom Sharkey? Five feet, eight one-half inches. This information is in the "Police Gazette Annual." Price, 10 cents.

J. C. M., Michigan City, Ind.—There has been a drawing here and a dispute as to who is entitled to the prize. The numbers are counted and put into the hat and the drawing takes place, going along all right until a second 58 appears. Then one of the judges calls attention to it, and all present that had numbers say let the drawing go on, and it goes on until the prize is drawn. Then those present make a kick and say there should be another drawing. The one that has the two numbers is one of the parties conducting the drawing or raffle and a party not present draws the prize. Then the party raffling the watch says "we will hold the drawing right where it is until we get a decision." If there were two fifty-eights drawn the holders only throw off and the winner takes the watch.

WHO IS THIS "KID" MCCOY?

Impersonates the Famous Fighter and Makes Love to an Oklahoma Girl.

"Kid" McCoy is looking for the man who has been impersonating him and making love to a pretty Oklahoma belle. A little story which is being published throughout the country will not have a tendency to enhance the lappiness now existing in the McCoy ménage. The story as it reached here from Wichita, Kan., is as follows:

"Kid" McCoy, the noted prizefighter, is engaged to Larry Miss Agnes Mulhall, the famous bareback rider of Mulhall, Ok. T. McCoy is spending his summer

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vacation at Mulhall, and in the meantime is growing familiar with the cattle business. His father-in-law-to-be is Zach Mulhall, the live stock agent for several railroads, and stock raiser of large proportions. The woman whom McCoy is to marry is also a ranch manager, and she has in her own right several thousand head of cattle. As soon as they are married in the fall McCoy will quit the pugilistic stage and go at once to ranching in Oklahoma. He met the young woman who is to be his bride at a reunion of cow punchers in Oklahoma.

As the original "Kid" McCoy is at present living very happily with his wife at his pretty country home near Saratoga Lake, N. Y., it appears to be a case of mistaken identity or malicious impersonation. If Zach Mulhall is the kind of a man he is reputed to be he may be depended upon to find out in short order.

TASK TOO MUCH FOR GANS.

At Baltimore, Md., on July 15, Joe Gans tried to dispose of three lightweights in six rounds each. His opponents were Harry Berger and Jack Donohue, of Philadelphia, and "Kid" Thomas, of New York. The agreement was that if either of the men was on his feet at the end of the sixth round no decision would be given. Berger was much heavier than Gans and proved a hard customer. He was not knocked out.

The second bout between Gans and Donohue did not last quite two rounds. In the second round Donohue got a swing on the jaw that sent him to the mat and the police interfered.

Gans' third opponent, "Kid" Thomas, cleverly stayed the limit.

WOULD NOT STAND FOR ROTHERY.

The fight between Benny Yanger and Clarence Ritchie, which was scheduled to take place at South Omaha, Neb., on July 16, was declared off. John Hertz, Yanger's manager, refused to allow him to fight if Rothery, the club's referee, acted in the contest. Yanger fearing that he would get another Memphis deal like he did at Memphis when he fought Johnny Ritchie, the fight then being called a draw, although Yanger had much the better of it.

Hertz offered to fight if George Siler, Jimmy Bardell, Malachy Hogan or any other well-known ring official was selected, but could not stand for the Omaha man.

ABOUT SPORTS OF ALL SORTS

News Briefs Concerning Men of Note All Over the Country.

Manager Selee has offered Cincinnati any one of his pitchers for Catcher Bergen.

The New England League has dropped the Lynn and Brockton Clubs, and decided to go on with a six-club circuit.

When league players fall down to a batting average of less than .300 it's about time to hand them the blue envelope.

Outfielder Bey, of Indianapolis, said to be the fastest outfielder in the Western Association, is laid up with a broken shoulder.

Brooklyn has signed "Kid" Carsey, an old Philadelphia pitcher, and Third Baseman Irwin, recently released by Cincinnati.

The Philadelphia American League club has signed Outfielder McIntyre of the defunct Augusta Club of the New England League.

President Somers says the American League is stronger than it ever was, and that it is in the major baseball league business for keeps.

Jockey Daly, who had the mount on Rosenfeld, the favorite in a race at Fort Erie the other day, was suspended by the judges for his bad ride.

Chicago has released "Cupid" Childs and Third Baseman Hoffman. Dexter will play second. Childs will likely go to the American League.

Watkins and Rauschaupt are seriously thinking of moving their Indianapolis Western Association club to some other city. They are \$4,000 losers.

Jimmy Michael won the twenty-five mile motor-paced cycle race at the Revere Beach, Mass., track, from Archie McEachern by three laps in 41 min. 51½ sec.

Manager Selee, of Boston, is to meet Hillebrand, the famous Princeton athlete while the team is in Pittsburg, and Hillebrand may sign to pitch.

The Richmond (Va.) Baseball Club has disbanded. This was the result of lack of patronage, and it probably means the death of ball at Richmond.

One of Christy Mathewson's fast ones struck Jake Beckley on the head at Cincinnati recently and it required the combined efforts of several physicians to bring him to.

There is a movement on foot among the magnates of the National League to do away with the national agreement at the end of the present season, so far as it concerns minor leagues.

McSorley, of Penn City, a local amateur player, has signed with Bangor Club, in the New England League. He should develop into a good man, as he is one of the best amateurs in the city.

Frank Donnelly, for several years past captain of the Dayton (Ohio) Baseball Club, will likely sign in a few days with another Western Association team or with a club in equally fast company.

John T. Brush has dropped Amos Rusie from his visiting list, and if the big Hoosier pitcher returns to the diamond it will not be as a member of the Cincinnati Club. "We meant well by Rusie, but he is his own worst enemy," is the way the Cincinnati president dismisses the Rusie episode.

In the bicycle races at the Madison Square Garden, New York, Floyd MacFarland beat Thomas Linton in a fifteen-mile motor-paced race by four laps in 29:33 4-5. Linton's pacing machine broke down.

Umpire Jack Sheridan says that the effect of the foul strike rule can already be seen in the low scores of National League games. He thinks the hitting will be almost nil when the pitchers get into good condition.

The defeat of Commando in the Realization can be put down as one of the mysteries that visit the turf. A few days before the colt showed his trainer a trial that made the Realization look a moral certainty for him.

The swimming championships of the Amateur Athletic Union were held at the Buffalo Exposition. E. C. Schaeffer broke the records in the 230 and 440-yard straightaway races, making 2:50 4-5 in the former and 6:33 1-5 in the latter.

"Major" Taylor, the negro cyclist, whose doings in France have been much chronicled of late, failed to appear at Madison Square Garden, New York. He telegraphed that he was ill, and would be unable to appear, and was fined \$103.

The New York team is weaker in base running and double plays since it parted with Doyle and Gleason. On the bases Gansel is to Doyle as a canal boat is to the Constitution, while Gleason's celerity at second base made possible many a double play that is missing.

The senior single scull championship of the Laureate Boat Club and the Upper Hudson was won at Troy, N. Y., by John M. Francis from Joseph Nial, who had held the title two years. The distance was two miles, and was made in the phenomenally fast time of 13:23 4-5.

INTERESTED IN GAME COCKS? If you are, send at once for the "Police Gazette Cocker's Guide." All information necessary. Price 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.

A CORRECTION.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., July 11, 1901. MR. RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: In the issue of June 22nd last of your leading sporting journal, the POLICE GAZETTE, we notice a picture of May Pike on the front page and at the lower left hand corner these words, "Photo by Betz, Baltimore." The photo was not made by Betz but by the Milwaukee Art Novelty Company, of Milwaukee, and Mr. Betz has no authority to claim it. We wish you would correct the mistake.

Respectfully, MILWAUKEE ART NOVELTY CO., Per L. P. Kramez, Manager.

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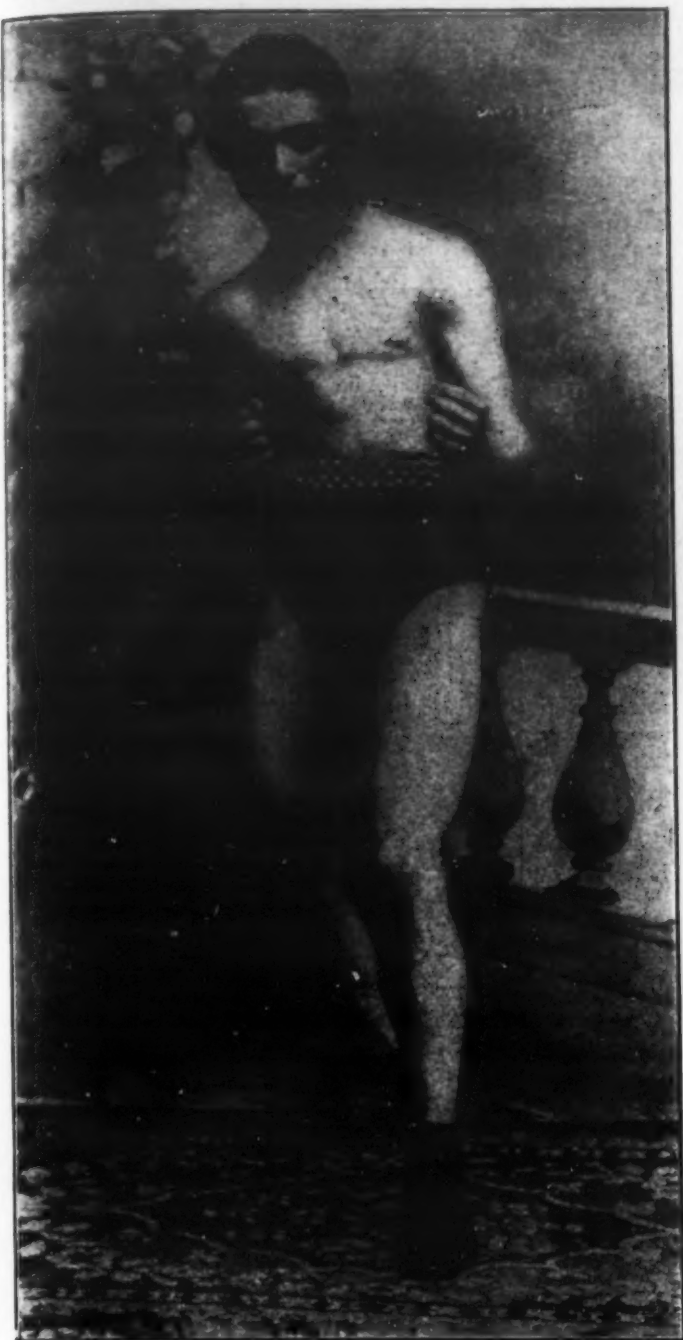
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DE VAN.
CELEBRATED ACROBAT AND HIS FAMOUS
LITTLE DIVING DOG.



"KID" COXEY.

JOE HANDLER'S SPARRING PARTNER, NEWARK, N. J., WHO ASPIRES TO RING HONORS.



Photo by Chickering, Boston.

JOHN P. ECKHARDT.
FAMOUS REFEREE AND SPORTING MAN OF
NEW YORK CITY.



Photo from Plaza Gallery, Los Angeles.

JACK WOODS.
FEATHERWEIGHT OF LOS ANGELES WHOM
CALIFORNIA EXPERTS ADMIRE.



Photo by Stevens, Chicago.

"KID" BARRY.
WHO CLAIMS TO BE THE GREATEST LITTLE
FIGHTER ON THE PACIFIC COAST.



Photo by Rowley.

HARRY DAVIES.
HE SAYS HE IS A PRIZE FIGHTER
AND A BAG-PUNCHER TOO.



Photo from Sunbeam Gallery, Los Angeles.

G. V. GRAYSON.
MANAGER OF THE ALPHA ATHLETIC
CLUB OF LOS ANGELES, CAL.



Photo by Britain, Kallispell.

"KID" REYTOLAS.
WHO HAS FOUGHT SOME GOOD BATTLES
AND ASPIRES TO BE CHAMPION.

PROMINENT HOTEL MEN

Dick Lawrence, Owner of Lawrence's
Inn, Reading, Pa.



There is no more genial or whole-souled man in all of Reading, Pa., than Dick Lawrence, the owner and manager of Lawrence's Inn, at Tenth and Muhlenberg streets. A typical boniface in every respect he has made a success where most men would have failed and to-day he has as great a personal following as any man in the city. He is a handsome man, too, sturdily built, and it is a safe proposition that he can hold his own in any company. Sport loving and genial, he is always ready to entertain his friends at his handsome resort, where the best the market affords is dispensed.

PERSONALS.

J. K. Vlier has the hotel business all to himself in Anaheim, Cal.

N. Hart does a land office business at his saloon at Anaheim, Cal.

The Capitol Hotel of Colton, Cal., is presided over by Joseph Johndrero.

F. M. Handlette, of Pocatontos, Ark., is the only rattlesnake charmer.

Prof. G. S. Gibson is now located at Gallipolis, O. He is still mixing 'em up.

The Feeney Brothers saloon at Woodland, Cal., is where the sports hold forth.

Frank Vanderlip is one of the most up-to-date saloonmen in Santa Ana, Cal.

The Bank Exchange bar, of Watsonville, Cal., is a great place for a cool drink.

Jack Ledy has a fine little cafe at Watsonville, Cal., and he knows how to run it, too.

George W. Gettins has successfully managed the Western Hotel at Niagara Falls, N. Y.

The Mansion House bar, at Watsonville, Cal., will never run dry for want of patronage.

J. S. Hatfield, who runs a pool room at Anaheim, Cal., has the call on all of the sports.

John Leonard is the proprietor of the Railroad Saloon, a popular resort of Woodland, Cal.

J. R. Banks is the leading liquor dealer at Payette, Idaho, and he does a big business.

Epicures always call on Dr. C. A. Smith, of the Hotel Oneida, when at Syntan Beach, N. Y.

Every saloonman ought to have a "Police Gazette Bartender's Guide." Price, 25 cents.

They know how to mix good drinks at Bowle's saloon at Arkinda, Ark., and that brings trade.

The Pacific Saloon, at Woodland, Cal., has been made a paying proposition by Angus Reiss.

B. L. Holliday, of St. Charles, Mich., has a fine wholesale and retail trade in wines and liquors.

Tom Reed's billiard hall on Fair Oaks avenue, Pasadena, Cal., is where the sports hold forth.

James Connors' cafe and bar, at 2214 Forbes street, Pittsburg, Pa., is a great resort for the sports.

There's a fine medal waiting for some bartender. Who will be the lucky man on October 15?

What is more attractive in a well-kept saloon than POLICE GAZETTE supplements, nicely framed.

J. H. Benjes is the proprietor of the Anchor Hotel, at 610 and 612 East Pratt street, Baltimore, Md.

One of the leading hotels of Colorado is the Ramona, at Cascade. The proprietor is H. P. Knight.

James Jones, who runs a cafe and bar at Santa Ana, Cal., has a place stocked with the best in the market.

William Jamieson owns the Hotel Taylor at Anacortes, Wash., where the returning Klondykers stop and rest.

The Turf and Farm Hotel, situated midway between Allentown and Slatington, Pa., along the trolley line, is a fine hotel, and M. J. Hoffman, the proprietor, is well liked. Free hand concerts are given every Wednesday evening.

George W. Witherell has established a fine billiard hall at Pasadena, Cal., where champions of the cue meet.

The Palace Hotel, at Springfield, O., has been made a popular stopping place by R. W. Flack, the hospitable owner.

The Cabinet is the name of a handsome and prosperous drinking place at Kearney, Neb. John M. Childress is the owner.

The Hotel Drew at Otsego, Mich., is a popular place for the sports. D. D. Mitchell is the owner and he is a good fellow.

The American House, Kutztown, Pa., is conducted by Geo. P. Schoedler. George is a fine fellow and will use you right.

The Ideal Sample Room, owned by M. F. Kuborn, is one of the leading thirst-alleviating establishments at Le Mars, Ia.

Bartenders are requested to contribute to this column. Let your friends know what you are doing. It will cost you nothing.

Shultz and Mussell have made a great success of the Union Depot Hotel, southeast corner Ninth and Sycamore streets, Terre Haute, Ind.

T. C. Welsbach is the new proprietor of the Fourth Avenue Hotel, West Bethlehem, Pa. Give him a call when in the vicinity and sample his line of goods.

The First Ward Hotel, Five Points, South Bethlehem, Pa., is one of the finest in the county. W. M. Adams is the popular landlord and is well-liked by everyone.

THE BARTENDER'S CONTEST.

The POLICE GAZETTE has offered another handsome and valuable gold medal for competition by saloonmen, hotelkeepers and bartenders.

The contest will close on October 15, 1901.

The best original recipe for a mixed drink takes the handsome trophy.

The second prize will be a \$10 gold piece.

The third prize will be a \$5 gold piece.

All of the recipes sent in will be published in this column, with the originator's name and address.

Better subscribe now and keep track of the contest. 13 weeks for \$1.00. This includes all the supplements.

GAINSBOROUGH SOUR.

(By F. F. Tompkins, Elwood, Ind.)

Frost a sour glass; bar glass one-third full shaved ice; one spoonful bar sugar; one dash Boker's bitters; two dashes Curacao; one dash Anisette; one jigger rye whiskey; one-half lime; one whole egg. Shake well, strain and serve with a cherry and one-half slice of lemon.

CROWN COCKTAIL.

(By Henry Goldman, Proprietor of the Crown Vineyard Co., San Francisco, Cal.)

Use a large mixing glass; put in lump of ice; two dashes gum syrup; two dashes Angostura bitters; dash orange bitters; two-thirds small whisky glass good whiskey; one-third small whisky glass of Italian Vermouth; mix well with spoon and serve with a slice of pineapple in a cocktail glass.

PERFECTION COCKTAIL.

(By John Diephans, Schonfeld's Bar, 548 Gough Street, San Francisco, Cal.)

One good dash Angostura bitters; one good dash Pousse Cafe; a little gum syrup; a small piece of lemon; put in a little ice; press lemon thoroughly with a bar spoon, and add whiskey to suit.

RECIPES SUBMITTED.

Recipes for new drinks entered in the contest for the POLICE GAZETTE gold medal have been received from the following:

Chicago Dream, William Hausler, Chicago, Ill.; Elks Fizz, P. F. Sindar, St. Paul, Minn.; Adirondack Cooler, T. J. Wager, Forestport, N. Y.; Richard K. Fox Cocktail, John Wellas, Buffalo, N. Y.; Patent Leather, Burt D. Fisher, St. Louis, Mo.; Pan-American Fizz, J. N. Radetich, New Orleans, La.; Chocolate Fizz, George St. Amant, Biloxi, Miss.

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POLICE GAZETTE BARTENDERS GUIDE, for 1901.

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BOXING AND HOW TO TRAIN.

THE AMERICAN ATHLETE.

Treatise on the Principles and Rules of Training.

THE COCKER'S GUIDE;

Or, How to Train Game Fowl.

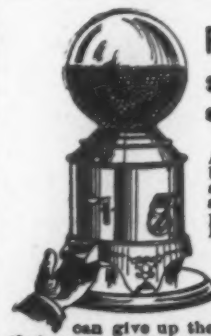
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